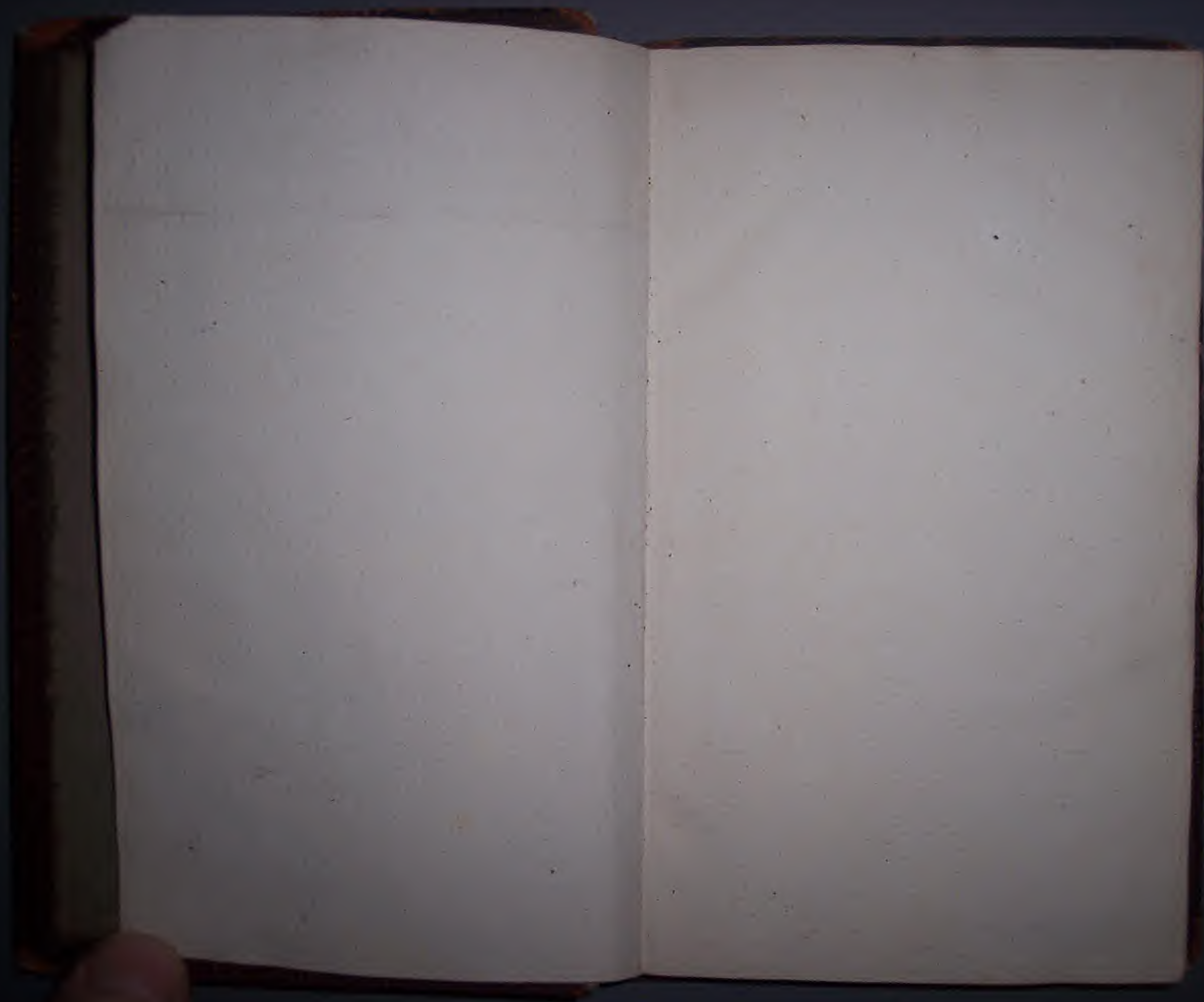




Warrington



Museum.



POEMS

OF

Mr. John Milton,

BOTH

ENGLISH and LATIN,
Compos'd at several times.

Printed by his true Copies.

The SONGS were set in Musick by
Mr. HENRY LAWES Gentleman of
the KINGS Chappel, and one
of His MAJESTIES
Private Musick.

——— *Baccare frontem*
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro,
Virgil, Eclog. 7.

Printed and publish'd according to
ORDER.

LONDON,

Printed by Ruth Raworth for Humphrey Moseley,
and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes
Arms in S. Pauls Church-yard. 1645.

*wants portrait and
Latin poems, appeared*



THE
STATIONER
TO THE
READER.

I *It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader, for the slightest Pamphlet is now a dayes more vendible then the Works of learnedest men; but it is the love I have to our own Language that hath made me diligent to collect, and set forth*
a 3 *such*

such Peeces both in Prose and Verse; perhaps more trivial
Vers, as may renew the wonted Airs may please thee better. But
honour and esteem of our English howsoever thy opinion is spent upon
tongue: and it's the worth of these, that incouragement I have
both English and Latin Poems already received from the most in-
not the flourish of any prefixed ingenious men in their clear and
encomions that can invite the courteous entertainment of Mr.
to buy them, though these are no Wallers late choice Peeces;
without the highest Commendation hath once more made me adven-
ons and Applause of the learned pure into the World, presenting it
Academicks, both domestic with these ever-green, and not to
and forrein: And amongst those blasted Laurels. The Authors
of our own Countrey, the unparelled peculiar excellency in these
rall'd attestation of that renowned studies, was too well known to con-
ed Provost of Eaton, Steal his Papers, or to keep me
Henry Wootton: I know not from attempting to solicit them
thy palat how it relishes such from him. Let the event guide it
dainties, nor how harmonious itself which way it will, I shall de-

serve of the age, by bringing in
the Light as true a Birth, as the
Muses have brought forth since
our famous Spencer wrote
whose Poems in these English ones
are as rarely imitated, as sweet
excell'd. Reader if thou art
Eagle-eyed to censure their worth
I am not fearful to expose them
to thy exactest perusal.

Thine to command

HUMPH. MOSELEY



On the morning of CHRIST'S
Nativity. Compos'd 1629.

Age . 21. I.

THis is the Month, and this the happy morn
Wherin the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,

That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-Table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcom him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wifards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him

(3)

Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

II.

Onely with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinfull blame,
The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
He strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

Had o War, or Battails sound
As heard the World around:

(4)

The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,

The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And Kings sat still with awfull eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peacefull was the night
Wherin the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,

Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

(5)

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,

The new-enlightn'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sate simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly com to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took;

A 3

The

The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round

Of *Cynthia's* seat, the Airy region thrilling,

Now was almost won

To think her part was don,

And that her raiga had here its last fulfilling;

She knew such harmony alone

Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight

A Globe of circular light,

That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd,

The helmed Cherubim

And sworded Seraphim,

Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,

With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)

Before was never made,

But when of old the sons of morning sung,

While the Creator Great

(7)

His constellations set,

And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,

And cast the dark foundations deep,

And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystall sphears,

Once blest our human ears,

(If ye have power to touch our senses so)

And let your silver chime

Move in melodious time;

And let the Base of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,

And with your ninefold harmony

Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,

And speckl'd vanity

Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,

And Hell it self will pass away,

And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

XV.

His Truth, and Justice then

Will down return to men,

A

Th' end

The enameld *Aras* of the Rainbow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
And Heav'n as at som festiva'll,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

X V I.

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorifie :
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the
(deep

X V I I.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang

While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake
The aged Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the center shake ;
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne

X V I I I.

X V I I I.

And then at last our blifs
Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,

Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

X I X.

The Oracles are dum, dum,
No voice or hideous humm'

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspire's the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

X X.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale.

The parting Genius is with sighing sent,

With

With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mou

X X I.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear, and dying sound

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

X X I I.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forsake their Temples dim,
With that twise-batter'd god of *Palestine*,
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

X X I I I.

And fallen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in shadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackest hue,
No more with Cymbals ring.

They call the grisly king,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue,
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* haft.

X X I V.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshowr'd *Grasse* with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with *Timbrel'd* Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

X X V.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eye;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

X X V I.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows

Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernall jail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze

X X V I I.

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.

Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
 Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
 Hath fixt her polisht Car.

Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending,
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable.

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114.

1623. This and the following *Psalms* were done
 by the Author at fifteen yeers old.

W Hen the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from *Pharian* fields to *Canaan* Land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty hand,

Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubl'd Sea, and shivering fled,
 And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
 In the earth, *Jordans* clear streams recoil,
 A faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.

The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.

Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?

Why turned *Jordan* toward his Cry stall Fountains?

Make earth, and at the presence be agast

Of him that ever was, and ay shall last,

That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,

And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

Psalms 136.

1623.

et. 15.

Et us with a gladfom mind

Praise the Lord, for he is kind,

For his mercies ay endure,

Ever faithfull, ever sure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,

For of gods he is the God;

For, &c.

Jehovah

O let us his praises tell,
That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell.

For, &c.

That with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.

For, &c.

That by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.

For his, &c.

That did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.

For his, &c.

That by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.

For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run.

For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.

For his, &c.

He with his thunder clasping hand,
Mote the first born of Egypt Land.

For his, &c.

And in despite of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.

For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythraean* main.

For, &c.

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.

For, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.

For, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wildernes.

For, &c.

A bloody battail he brought down
Of prowess and renown.

For, &c.

The foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.

For, &c.

And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.

For, &c.

And

And to his seryant *Israel*,
He gave their Land therein to dwell
For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth.

For, &c.

That his mansion bath on high
Above the reach of mortall ey.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithfull, ever sure.

The Passion.

about 1630. Act. 22.

I.

While of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring,

And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth,
My muse with Angels did divide to sing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,

And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo,

Which on our dearest Lord did sease er'e long,

Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse then so,

Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heaviest plight

Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'ran Priest slooping his regall head

That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,

Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,

His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;

O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,

Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,

So this Horizon is my *Phæbus* bound,

B

Hic

His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found;
 Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
 Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black wheron I write,
 And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white.

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
 My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
 To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
 Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood;
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
 That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store,

And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
 Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
 My plaining vers as lively as before;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
 Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unboosom all thir Echoes milde,
 And I (for grief is easily beguild)
 Might think th'infection of my sorrows loud,
 Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had,
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisf'd with what was
 begun, left it unfinished.*

On Time.

about 1630

Oct. 22.

FLy envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
 And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,

Which is no more then what is false and vain,
 And meerly mortal dross;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain.
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
 And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss ;
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
 About the supreme Throne
 Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
 When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
 Then all this Earthy grossnes quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time

Upon the Circumcision.

about 1630. Rt. 22.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright
 That erst with Musick, and triumphant song

First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
 So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whileare
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease ;
 Alas, how soon our sin
 Sore doth begin

His Infancy to sease !

O more exceeding love or law more just ?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !
 For we by rightfull doom remediles
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes ;
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisfi'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long

Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more neer his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

about 1630. Oct. 22.

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Ve
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-raisd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;

As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light.

An Epitaph on the Marchioness of *Winchester.*

about 1630.

Oct. 22.

THis rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
A Vicounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Besides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More then she could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told, alas too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darknes, and with death.

Yet had the number of her days
 Bin as compleat as was her praise,
 Nature and fate had had no strife
 In giving limit to her life.
 Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
 Quickly found a lover meet;
 The Virgin quire for her request
 The God that sits at marriage feast;
 He at their invoking came
 But with a scarce-wel-lighted flame;
 And in his Garland as he stood,
 Ye might discern a Cipress bud.
 Once had the early Matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son,
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
 But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
 And with remorseles cruelty,
 Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree;
 The haples Babe before his birth
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
 And the languisht Mothers Womb
 Was not long a living Tomb.

So have I seen som tender slip
 Sav'd with care from Winters nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck't up by som unheedy swain,
 Who onely thought to crop the flowr.
 New shot up from vernall showr;
 But the fair bloffom hangs the head
 Side-ways as on a dying bed,
 And those Pearls of dew she wears,
 Prove to be presaging tears
 Which the sad morn had let fall
 On her hast'ning funerall.
 Gentle Lady may thy grave
 Peace and quiet ever have;
 After this thy travail sore
 Sweet rest sease thee evermore,
 That to give the world encrease,
 Shortned hast thy own lives lease,
 Here besides the sorrowing
 That thy noble House doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Weept for thee in *Helicon*,
 And som Flowers, and som Bays,
 For thy Hears to strew the ways.

Sent thee from the banks of *Cam*,
 Devoted to thy vertuous name;
 Whilst thou bright Saint high sit'st in glory,
 Next her much like to thee in story,
 That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
 Who after yeers of barrennes,
 The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
 To him that serv'd for her before,
 And at her next birth much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the boosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light,
 There with thee, new welcom Saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

SONG

On May morning. *about 1630. Et. 22.*

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
 The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail bounteous *May* that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
 Woods and Groves, are of thy dressing,
 Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
 And welcom thee, and wish thee long.

On Shakespear. 1630. *Et. 22.*
first printed poem of Milton. Printed.
 What needs my Shakespear for his honour'd Bones. 1632

The labour of an age in piled Stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a Star-ypointing Pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame,
 What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
 For whilst toth'shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
 Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving;
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
 That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

On the University Carrier who
sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being
forbid to go to *London*, by reason of
the Plague.

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
A here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten yeers full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull,
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had tane up his latest Inne,
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be fed,
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the same.

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time;
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait,
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastned on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He di'd for heaviness that his Cart went light,

His leisure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight
 But had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had bin an immortall Carrier.
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Onely remains this superscription.

Written
 at *Hortford*.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 Mongst horrid shapes, and threiks, and sights unholy
 Find out som uncouth cell,
 Wher brooding darknes spreads his jealous wing,
 And the night-Raven sings;
 There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks
 As ragged as thy Locks,
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But com thou Goddess fair and free,
 In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
 Or whether (as som Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
 As he met her once a Maying,
 There on Beds of Violets blew,
 And fresh-blown Roses wait in dew,
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
 So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
 Hast thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And

about
 1635-Oct.

And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee,¹
 In unreprieved pleasures free;
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine.
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horns
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,

Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
 While the Plowman neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his sithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
 Treit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
 Suffet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren brest
 The labouring clouds do often rest:
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide,
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oakes,

Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves;
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
 Som times with secure delight
 The up-land Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade;
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holyday,
 Till the live-long day-light fail,
 Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat,
 She was pincht, and pull'd she fed,
 And he by Priars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,
 To earn his Cream-bowle duly set,

When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the LubbarFend.
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.
 Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep.
 Towred Cities please us then,
 And the busie humm of men,
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
 With store of Ladies, whose bright eies
 Gain influence, and judge the prise
 Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
 To win her Grace, whom all commend.
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
 With mask, and antique Pageantry,
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
 And ever against eating Cares,
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony.
 That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penseroso. about 1635.
 act. 27.

Hence vain deluding joyes,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams
 The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train,

but hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight;
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O're laid with black staid Wisdoms hue.
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memnon*'s sister might beseem,
 Or that Starr'd *Ethiopia* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended,

Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Styx* bore;
 His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
 Compensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And sable stole of *Cypres* Lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Com, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There held in holy passion still,
 Forget thy self to Marble, till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast,
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring,
 Ay round about *Joves* Altar sing.
 And adde to these retired leasure,
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chieft, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The Cherub Contemplation,
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 Less *Philomel* will daign a Song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
 While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
 Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke;
 Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musically, most melancholy!
 Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
 I woo to hear thy even-Song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
 To behold the wandring Moon,
 Riding neer her highest noon,
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heav'n's wide pathles way:
 And

And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
 Over som wide water'd shoar,
 Swinging flow with fullen roar;
 Or if the Ayr will not permit,
 Som still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the Cricket on the hearth,
 Or the Belmans droufie charm,
 To bless the dores from nightly harm:
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
 And of those *Demons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,

Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element.
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled hath the Buskind stage.
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Museus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride:
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophic: hung;

Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear,
 Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherch'e't in a comly Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rusling Leaves,
 With minute drops from off the Eaves,
 And when the Sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
 Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke,
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,
 There in close covert by som Brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look,
 Hide me from Day's garish eie,
 While the Bee with Honied thje,

hat at her flowry work doth sing,
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep,
 Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
 And let som strange mysterious dream,
 Yave at his Wings in Airy stream,
 Of lively portrature display'd,
 Softly on my eye-lids laid.
 And as I wake, sweet musick breath
 Above, about, or underneath,
 Sent by som spirit to mortals good;
 Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood.
 But let my due feet never fail,
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
 And love the high embowed Roof,
 With antick Pillars massy proof,
 And storied Windows richly dight,
 Casting a dimm religious light.
 There let the pealing Organ blow,
 To the full voic'd Quire below,
 In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
 As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies,
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

And

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
Portend success in love; O if *Jove's* will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny:
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late

or my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

*Donna leggiadra, il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Ben è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora;
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De suoi atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor sacette ed arco,
La onde l'alta tua virtù s'infiora.*

*Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi,
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno;
Gratia sola di sù gli vaglia, inanti
Chè'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.*

III.

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera,
L'averza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta sirana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera,*

*Supposed, to
Leonora
Baroni,
while in
Italy.*

Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,
 Mentre io di te, verzosamente altera,
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
 E t'bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Eppi ch'Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

Canzone.

RIdensi donne e giovani amorosi
 M'accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi.
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, e altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'etern frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
 Canzon dritti, e tu per me rispondi

Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, è il mio cuore
 Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

I V.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
 Ne treccie d'oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuer bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
 Pareole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisfero
 Traviar ben può la faricosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia,
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole
 Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l'arene di Libia chi i' invia.

Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)

Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole

Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:

Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela

Sosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco

Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'inghieta,

Mà quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco

Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,

Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante,

Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,

Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono

Farò devoto; io certo a prove tante

L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,

De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;

Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,

S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,

Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,

Di timori, e speranze al popol use

Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,

E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:

Sol troverte in tal parte men duro,

Ove Amor mise l'insanabil ago.

VII.

1631.

How soon hath Time the suttle thief of youth,

Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!

My hasting dayes flie on with full career,

But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'ch.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,

That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,

And inward ripenes doth much less appear,

That som more timely-happy spirits indu'ch.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow;

It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n/

To that same lot, however mean, or high,

Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;

All is, if I have grace to use it so,

As ever in my great task Master's eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,

Whose chance on these defenceless dores may lease,

If ever deed of honour did thee please,

Guard them, and him within protect from harms,

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms

That call Fame on such gentle acts as these,

And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,

What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Musé's Bowre,
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
 The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground : And the repeated air
 Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary*, and ^{with} ~~the~~ *Ruth*,
 Chosen thou hast, and they that overween,
 And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
 Passes to blis at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *Englands* Counsel, and her Treasury,
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At *Cheronéa*, fatal to liberty
 Kil'd with report that Old man eloquent,
 Though later born, ^a then to have known the dayes
 Wherin your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, me thinks I see him living yet ;
 So well your words his noble vertues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

Arcades.

Part of an entertainment presented to
 the Countess Dowager of *Darby* at *Harefield*, ^{(probably}
 by som Noble persons of her Family, who ^{in 1633.)}
 appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving ^{cr. 25.}
 toward the seat of State, with this Song.

I. SONG.

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 D 2

Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook :

This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end.

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wife *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hunderd gods ;
Juno dare's not give her odds ;

Who had thought this clime had held
A deity so unparallel'd ;

As they com forward, the Genius of the Wood
appears, and turning toward them, speaks.

Gen. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,

Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret fluse,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse* ;

And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment

To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further th's nights glad solemnity ;

And lead ye where ye may more neer behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold ;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have fate to wonder at, and gaze upon :

For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bowr,

To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill,
 Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill.
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
 Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites.
 When Eev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicker, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to blefs,
 But els in deep of night when drowfines
 Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly,
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*.

And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm.

2. SONG.

O'Re the smooth enameld green
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string.
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm Star-proof
 Follow me,

I will bring you where she sits,
Clad in splendor as befits
Her deity.

Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

3. SONG.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks.
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.
From the stony *Manalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Paus* Mistres were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

Lycidas

Lycidas.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his Passage from *Chester* on the *Irish* Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height. *ref. 29.*

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never-fear,
I com to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his warry bear
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.

Hence

Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
 And as he passes turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a field, and both together heard
 What time the Gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright
 Toward Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westerling wheel.
 Mean while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th'Oaten Flute,
 Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel,
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Dametas* lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
 Now thou art gon, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves,
 With wilde Thyme and the gadding Vine o'rgrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The Willows, and the Hazle Copfes green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes.
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
 When first the White thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old Bards, the famous *Druids* ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wifard stream:
 Ay me, I fondly dream!

Had ye bin there--for what could that have don?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal nature did lament,
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Letbian* shore?²

Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,

And

And thirly meditate the thankles Muse,
 Were it not better don as others use,
 To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of *Neera's* hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th'abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
 (*Phoebus* repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;) *Fame*
 Is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glittering foil
 Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witnes of all judging *Jove*;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed:—
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd fount,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocall reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood;
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea

That

That came in *Neptune's* plea,
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory:—
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
 The Ayr was calm, and on the level brine,
 Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
 It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
 Built in th'eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing flow,
 His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
 Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
 Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain,
 (The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
 He shook his Miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee young swain.

Now

Arow of such as for their bellies' sake,
 Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold;
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
 That to the faithfull Herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing sed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.
 Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian Muse*,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On

On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
 Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
 Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies.
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freckt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet.
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount

Looks

Looks toward *Nimæus* and *Bayona's* hold ;
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waite the haples youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lyridas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
 So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
 So *Lyridas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now *Lyridas* the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay :
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western bay ;
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew :
 To morrow to fresh Woods, and Pastures new.



E



A
M A S K

Of the same
A U T H O R

P R E S E N T E D
At L U D L O W-Castle,
1 6 3 4. Oct. 26.

Before
The Earl of B R I D G E W A T E R
Then President of W A L E S.



Anno Dom. 1645.



To the Right Honourable,
JOHN Lord Vicount BRACLY,
Son and Heir apparent to the Earl
of Bridgewater, &c.

MY LORD,



His Poem, which receiv'd its
first occasion of Birth from
your Self, and others of your
Noble Family, and much honour from
your own Person in the performance,
now returns again to make a finall De-
dication of it self to you. Although
not openly acknowledg'd by the
Author, yet it is a legitimate off-spring,
so lovely, and so much desired, that the
often Copying of it hath tir'd my Pen
to give my severall friends satisfaction,
and brought me to a necessity of pro-
ducing it to the publike view; and

now to offer it up in all rightfull devotion to those fair Hopes, and rare Endowments of your much-promising Youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live sweet Lord to be the honour of your Name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long oblig'd to your most honour'd Parents, and as in this representation your attendant Thyrsis, so now in all real expression

Your faithfull, and most
humble Servant

H. LAWES.

The

The Copy of a Letter Writt'n
By Sir HENRY WOOTTON,
To the Author, upon the
following Poem.

From the Colledge, this 13. of April, 1638. æt. 30.

SIR,

IT was a special favour, when you lately bestowed upon me here, the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer then to make me know that I wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly; and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold in our vulgar phrase to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation again, joyntly with your said learned Friend, at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together som good Authors of the antient time: Among which, I observed you to have been familiar. Since your going, you have charg'd me with new Obligations, both for a very kinde Letter from you dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty peece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherin I should much commend the Tragical part, if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, wherunto I must plainly

plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now onely owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self, I had view'd som good while before, with singular delight, having receiv'd it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, Printed at Oxford, wherunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of *Stationers*, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce*.

Now Sir, concerning your travels, wherin I may challenge a little more priviledge of Discours with you; I suppose you will not blanch *Paris* in your way; therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governour, and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into *Italy*, where he did reside by my choice som time for the King, after mine own recess from *Venice*.

I should think that your best Line will be thorow the whole length of *France* to *Marseilles*, and thence by Sea to *Genoa*, whence the passage into *Tuscany* is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten as you do to *Florence*, or *Siena*, the rather to tell you a short story from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At *Siena* I was tabled in the House of one *Albano Scipioni* an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times

times, having bin Steward to the *Duca di Pagliano*, who with all his Family were strangled, save this onely man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; Into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward *Rome* (which had been the center of his experience) I had wonn confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry my self securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (sayes he) *I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole World: Of which *Delphian Oracle* (for so I have found it) your judgement doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, Gods dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command
as any of longer date
Henry Wootton.

Postscript.

SIR, I have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure without som acknowledgement from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through som busines, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for som fortification of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

The



The Persons.

The attendant Spirit afterwards in
in the habit of *Thyrsis*.

Comus with his crew.

The Lady.

1. Brother.

2. Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The cheif persons which presented,
were

The Lord Bracly,

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother,

The Lady Alice Egerton.



A

M A S K

PRESENTED

At LUDLOW-Castle,

1634. &c. act. 26.

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.



Efore the starry threshold of *Joves* Court

My mansion is, where those immortal shapes

Of bright aëreal Spirits live insphear'd

In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayre.

Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,

Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care

Confin'd,

Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
 Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
 After this mortal change, to her true Servants
 Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats,
 Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
 To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
 That ope's the Palace of Eternity :
 To such my errand is, and but for such,
 I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
 With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune* besides the sway
 Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
 Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,
 Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
 That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
 The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
 Which he to grace his tributary gods
 By course commits to severall government,
 And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns,
 And weild their little tridents, but this Ile
 The greatest, and the best of all the main
 He quarters to his blu-hair'd deities,
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun

noble Peer of mickle trust, and power
 As in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
 An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms :
 Where his fair off-spring nurs't in Princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their Fathers state,
 And new-entrusted Scepter, but their way
 Lies through the perplex't paths of this drear Wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passenger.
 And here their tender age might suffer perill,
 If that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
 Was dispatcht for their defence, and guard ;
 And listen why, for I will tell ye now
 What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
 From old, or modern Bard in Hall, or Bowr.
Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape,
 Crush't the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds list'd,
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
 The daughter of the Sun ? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
 His Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,

With

With Ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
 Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
 Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
 Roaming the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbowl'd,
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art,
 Offering to every weary Travailer,
 His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse,
 To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
 Th'express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of Woolf, or Bear,
 Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely then before
 And all their friends, and native home forget
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie.
 Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove,

Chaucer

Chances to passe through this adventrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do: But first I must put off
 These my skierobes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and neereest to the present ayd
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand,
 his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Mon-
 sters headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts,
 but otherwise like Men and Women, their Ap-
 parel glistering, they com in making a riotous
 and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day,
 His glowing Axle doth allay

In

In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other gale
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipple dance, and Jollity.
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
 Rigor now is gon to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sower Severity,
 With their grave Saws in slumber ly.
 We that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the Starry Quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,
 Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
 The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
 By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
 The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiesies trim,

Their

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
 What hath night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
 Com let us our rights begin,
 Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
 Which these dun shades will ne're report.
 Hail Goddesse of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vaild *Coryto*, t'whom the secret flame
 Of mid-night Torches burns ; mysterious Dame
 That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
 Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the ayr,
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair,
 Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat*, and befriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
 The nice Morn on th' *Indian* sleep
 From her cabin'd loop hole peep,
 And to the tel-tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity.
 Com, knit hands, and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastick round.

F

The

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
 Of some chaste footing neer about this ground,
 Run to your shrouds, within these Brakes and Trees,
 Our number may affright: Som Virgin sure
 (For so^r can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains, I shall e're long
 Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spongy ayr,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentments, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;
 I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 And well plac't words of glozing courtesie
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible
 Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
 And hugg him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
 I shall appear som harmles Villager
 Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,

But here she comes, I fairly step aside
 And hearken, if I may, her busines here.

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
 Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
 Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
 Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
 When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
 In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
 To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence
 Of such late Wassailers; yet O where els
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
 My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
 Slept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
 To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
 Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed

Ase from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
 They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
 And envious darknes, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
 Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
 That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misted and lonely Travailer?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wilderesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience.
 O welcom pure ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,

Thou

Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity,
 I see ye visibly, and now beleieve
 That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 In the venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

*Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy shell
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-imbroider'd vale
 Where the love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.*

F B

Canst

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair

That likest thy Narcissus are?

O if thou have

Hid them in som flowry Cave,

Tell me but where

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphæar,

So maist thou be translated to the skies,

And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould
Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment?

Sure something holy lodges in that brest,

And with these raptures moves the vocal air

To testify his hidd'n residence;

How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night

At every fall smoothing the Raven doun

Of darknes till it smil'd: I have oft heard

My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,

Amidst the flowry-kirtl'd Naiades

Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,

Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,

And lap it in Elysium, Scylla wept,

And chid her barking waves into attention,

And

And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:

Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,

And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,

But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,

Such sober certainty of waking bliss

I never heard till now. Ile speak to her

And she shall be my Queen. Hail forren wonder

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed

Unless the Goddess that in rurall shrine

Dwell st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song

Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog

To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise

That is addrest to unattending Ears,

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift

How to regain my sever'd company

Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo

To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from neer-usher'ing guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassie terf.

Co. By fallhood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring.

Co. And lest your fair side all unguarded Lady ?

Ld. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

Ld. How easie my misfortune is to hit !

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

Ld. No less then if I should my brothers loose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

Ld. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe

In his loose traces from the furrow came,

And the swink't hedger at his Supper fate ;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,

Their port was more then human, as they stood ;

I took it for a faëry vision

Of some gay creatures of the element

That in the colours of the Rainbow live

And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-struck,

And as I pass'd, I worshipt ; if those you seek

It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,

To help you find them. Ld. Gentle villager

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Ld.

Ld. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of Star-light,

Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,

Without the sure guesses of well-practiz'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to side

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,

And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low roosted lark

From her thach't pallat rowse, if otherwise ;

I can conduct you Lady to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe

Till further quest'. Ld. Shepherd I take thy word,

And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds

With smoaky rafters, then in rapstry Halls

And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,

And yet is most pretended : In a place

Less warranted then this, or less secure

I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,

Ere me blest Providence, and square my triall

To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.

The

The two Brothers.

Elm. Bro. Unmuffle ye faintstars, and thou fair Moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that raigus here
 In double night of darknes, and of shades;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
 Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
 Of som clay habitation visit us
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
 Or *Tyrian Cynosure*. *2 Bro.* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cores,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 'T would be som solace yet, som little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumerable bowes,
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister
 Where may she wander now, whether betake her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps

perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion?
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in vertues book,
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wildoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,

Where

Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various busle of resort
 Were all to ruff'd, and sometimes impair'd.
 He that has light within his own cleer brest
 May sit i'th center, and enjoy bright day,
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

2. Bro. Tis most true
 That musing meditation most affects
 The Pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men, and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house,
 For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
 His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
 But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsun'd heaps
 Of Misers treasure by an out-laws den,

And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast.
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not,
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

Eld. Bro. I do not, brother,
 Inerr, as if I thought my sisters state
 Secure without all doubt, or controversie :
 Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate th'event, my nature is
 That I encline to hope, rather then fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine, she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not.

2. Bro. What hidden strength,
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that ?

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :

And She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,

And

And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Forests, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
 Yea there, where very desolation dwels
 By grotts, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
 Be it not don in pride, or in presumption.
 Som say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,
 No goblin, or swart Faëry of the mine,
 Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity.
 Do ye beleewe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
 To testifie the arms of Chastity?
 Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow
 Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men

Fear'd

Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods,
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of Chast austerity,
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw.
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust
 Unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 Most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Is in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Bodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
 The divine property of her first being.

Such

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in Charnell vaults, and Sepulchers
 Linger, and sitting by a new made grave,
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link't it self by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

1. Bro. How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh, and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns. Eld. Bro. List, list, I hear
 Som far off hallow break the silent Air.

1. Bro. Me thought so too; what should it be?
 Eld. Bro. For certain
 Either som one like us night-founder'd here,
 Or els som neighbour Wood-man, or at worst,
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2. Bro. Heav'n keep my sister, agen agen and neer,
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. He hallow,
 If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I should know, what are you? speak;
 Com not too neer, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that, my young Lord? speak agen.

2. Bro. O brother, tis my father Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? Whose artful strains have oft delaid
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale,
 How cam'st thou here good Swain? hath any ram
 Slip't from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook?
 How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd masters heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering Woolf, nor all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.

But O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly Shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy then my fears are true.

Et. Bro. What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew.
 He tell ye, 'tis not vain, or fabulous,
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage Poëts taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal vers
 Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Iles,
 And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
 Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells
 Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
 Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likenes of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
 Character'd in the face; this have I learn'd
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*

In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres,
 Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
 To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way:
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks
 Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of Kuot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
 At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
 Was took e're she was ware, and wish't she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more

Still to be so displac'd. I was all care,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death, but O ere long
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear sister.
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I,
 How sweet thou sing'st, how neer the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haste
 Through paths, and turnings oft'n trod by day,
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place
 Where that damn'd wifard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prævent,
 The idlest innocent Lady his wish't prey,
 Who gently ask't if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him som neighb our villager;
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess't
 Ye were the two she mean't, with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,
 But farder know I not. 2. Bro. O night and shades,
 How are ye joyn'd with hell in triple knot
 Against th'unarmed weakness of one Virgin
 Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence

You

You gave me Brother's Eld. Bro. Yes, and keep it still,
 Lean on it safely, not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
 Vertue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd,
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.
 But evil on it self shall back recoyl,
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last
 Gather'd like scum, and setl'd to it self
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consum'd, if this fail,
 The pillar'd firmament is rott'nness,
 And earths base built on stubble. But com let's on.
 Against th'opposing will and arm of Heav'n
 May never this just sword be lifted up,
 But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt
 With all the greisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpyies and Hydra's, or all the monstrous forms
 Twixt Africa, and Inde, Ile find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,

G 3

Or

Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Farr other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Elk. Bro. Why prethee Shepherd
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer
As to make this relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties;

Amongst

Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl:
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst allinchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or gasty furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
And brandish't blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the lushious liquor on the ground,

G 4

But

But raise his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Peirce signe of battail make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smok,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Ed. Bro. *Thyrsis* lead on apace, Ile follow thee,
 And som good angel bear a sheild before us.

*The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with
 all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables
 spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his
 rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to
 whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and
 goes about to rise.*

Comus. Nay Lady sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nervs are all chain'd up in Alabaster,
 And you a statue; or as *Daphne* was
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*,

La. Fool do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
 Withall thy charms, although this corporal rinde
 Thou haste immanacl'd, while Heav'n sees good.

Co. Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies farr: See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts,

When

When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
 Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.

And first behold this cordial Julep here
 That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
 With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.

Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,

In Egypt gave to Jove-born *Helena*

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to your self,
 And to those dainty limms which nature lent
 For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?

But you invert the cov'nants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower

With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
 Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin

This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not false traitor,
 Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,

Was

Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a wel-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To

To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with; if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
 Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility;
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'refraught would swell, & th'unlought diamonds
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
 And so bestudd with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 List Lady be not coy, and be not eos'n'd
 With that same vaunted-name Virginity,
 Beauty is natures coyn, must not be hoorded,
 But must be currant, and the good thereof

Consists

Consists in mutual and partak'n blifs,
 Unfavoury in th' injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
 Beauty is natures brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to teize the huswives wooll.
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Mor-
 There was another meaning in these gifts,
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

Ld. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes
 Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb.
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance, she good caterefs

Means

Means her provision onely to the good
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance:
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
 Now heaps upon som few with vast excels,
 Natures full blessings would be well dispenc't
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encomber'd with her store,
 And then the giver would be better thank't,
 His praise due paid, for swinish gluttony
 Ne're looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Grammas, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Tain would I somthing say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know

More

More happines then this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't;
 Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by som superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To som of *Saturns* crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Com, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood;
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste, ----

The

*The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn, wrest his
 Glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground; his rout make signe of resistance, but
 are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes
 in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers't,
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless;
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
 Som other means I have which may be us'd;
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt
 The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
 There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
 That had the Scepter from his father *Brute*.
 She guiltless damsell flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*,
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood
 That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course,

The

The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
 Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*,
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd,
 And underwent a quick immortal change
 Made Goddess of the River; still she retains
 Her maid'n gentleness, and oft at Eeve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill lucksignes
 That the shrewd meddling *Elfe* delights to make,
 Which she with pretious viold liquors heals.
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy *Daffadils*.
 And, as the old Swain said, she can unlock
 The clasp'ing charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invok't in warbled Song,
 For maid'nhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin, such as was her self

In hard besetting need, this will I try
 And adde the power of som adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair

*Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassie, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair,
 Listen for dear honours sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,*

Listen and save.

*Listen and appear to us
 In name of great Oceanus,
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys grave majestick pace,
 By hoary Nereus wrinckled look,
 And the Carpathian wifards hook,
 By scaly Tritons winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the Songs of Sirens sweet,*

By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save.

Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings.

By the rusby-fringed bank,
 Where grows the *Willow* and the *Oser* dank,
 My sliding Chariot stays,
 Thick set with *Agat*, and the *azurn* sheen
 Of *Turkis* blew, and *Emrauld* green
 That in the channell strays,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O're the *Cowslips* Velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread,
 Gentle swain at thy request
 I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undoe the charmed band
 Of true *Virgin* here distrest,
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest inchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity;
 Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
 Drops that from my fountain pure,
 Have kept of pretious cure,
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat
 Near'd with gumms of glutenous heat
 Touch with chaste palms moist and cold,
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr.

*Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises off
 of her seat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Lochrine*
 sprung of old *Anchises* line,

May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills;
 Summer drouth, or finged air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd,
 May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The beryl, and the golden ore,
 May thy lofty head be crown'd
 With many a tower and terrass round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of myrrhe, and cinnamon.
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Left the Sorcerer us intice
 With som other new device,
 Not a waste, or needles found
 Till we com to holier ground,
 I shall be your faithfull guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Fathers residence,

Where

Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish't presence, and beside
 All the Swains that there abide,
 With Jiggs, and rural dance resort,
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and chere;
 Com let us haste, the Stars grow high,
 But night fits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes presenting Ludlow Town and
 the Presidents Castle, then com in Countrey-
 Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with
 the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

*Spir. Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
 Till next Sun-shine holiday,
 Here be without duck on nod
 Other trippings to betrod
 Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
 As Mercury did first devise
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

H 3

This

This second Song presents them to their
father and mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance.

The dances ended, the Spirit Epitognizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Bevels the spruce and jocond Spring.

The

The Graces, and the rose-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and Cassia's balmy smels.
Is there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew,
And drenches with Elysian dew
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and roses
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits th' Assyrian Queen;
But farr above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid her fam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unsported side

Two

Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy: so Jove hath sworn.

But new my task is smoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime,
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.



The End.

